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## A Rondeau.

TO write a Rondeau! Strange behest!  
It means an everlasting quest  
For jingling sounds that men call "rhymes,"  
Mere useless literary crimes,  
Mere printed cheese by metre prest;

And yet I doubt not but 'tis best  
That bards, who other men molest,  
Should find it difficult sometimes  
To write a Rondeau.

Know, then, the poet's oft distrest  
Prosaic wisdom to digest  
And marshal into measured chimes;  
Still, when an ill-formed foot begrimes  
His song, why does he so detest  
To right his Rondeau?

N. V. D.

## A Study in Dante.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, PH. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

The poets then passed over into the second division of the Seventh Circle, and entered a trackless and dreadful forest. The leaves were black, the boughs all knotted and twisted, and the fruit thorny poison. The brutal Harpies wailed among the trees, now and then showing their human faces. On every side Dante heard moaning voices, but he could see no one.

"Pluck one of the boughs," said Virgil.

Dante did so, and blood and a shriek followed the action.

"Why manglest thou me?" cried the thorny trunk. "Men once we were, and now are changed to trees."

The blood and words came out together, as a green brand drips and hisses in the flames. These trees held the souls of suicides, and the one sobbing near them was Piero delle Vigne, the chancellor of Frederick II. The spirit told the poets that when a suicide came across the Acheron, he was hurled down to this wood, and he grew there into a tree. After the general judgment his body also would be cast down and hung upon the thorns. Those, moreover, who had violently squandered their possessions in life were hunted and torn piecemeal in this wood by demoniacal she-mastiffs, guant and fleet.

As Dante and Virgil issued from the wood a horrible form of justice was beheld by them. Before them was a wide sand-waste, and over all this desert—

"Fell, slowly wafted down,  
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow  
On Alpine summit when the wind is hushed."

The sand beneath was afire, "for doubling of the dole." Here were many herds of naked souls, writhing and running forward in agony through the fearful snow. Those tormented in this place were the violent against God and nature, blasphemers and usurers. Hard by Dante saw a great spirit lying disdainful and lowering, who seemed to scorn the eating fire. It was Capaneus, one of the seven kings "who girt the walls of Thebes with siege"; and he said to Dante:

"Such as I was living, am I dead;  
If Jove should weary out his smith, from whom  
He seized in anger the sharp thunderbolt,  
Wherewith upon the last day I was smitten,  
And if he wearied out by turns the others  
In Mongibello at the swarthy forge, . . .  
And shot his bolts at me with all his might,  
He would not have thereby a joyous vengeance."

"Capaneus," exclaimed Virgil, "thy pride

is thy punishment!" This passage, as Leigh Hunt and other English critics have remarked, was probably in Milton's recollection when he conceived the character of Satan. Lucifer, also, in Byron's "Cain," \* speaks as does Capaneus here. While the two poets went along the paved embankment of a stream of blood, which ran, enveloped in mist, by the margin of the sand-waste, through the darkness they saw ghosts looking out upon them, as "at evening we are wont to eye each other under a new moon." Among these Dante recognized his old teacher, Ser Brunetto Latini, despite his "baked countenance." Brunetto told him:

"If thou thy star do follow,  
Thou canst not fail of a glorious port,  
If well I judged, in the life beautiful."

Carlyle here writes of Dante: "So could the hero in his forsakenness, in his extreme need, still say of himself: 'Follow thou thy star, thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven!'" The love and gratitude toward Brunetto shown by Dante are deeply pathetic; but Dante was just, and he puts into this terrible place, for a nameless crime, one to whom he says:

"In the world from hour to hour  
You taught me how a man becomes eternal."

As the wayfarers went on they saw many souls they knew, and the usurers lying on the burning marl under the fiery snow, with empty money-bags hung in mockery about their necks. These wretches writhed like dogs, stung by swarms of gadflies.

Then came they to a black precipice which plunged down for miles to the third great division of hell. Beside a roaring cataract Virgil cast down, by way of lure, the Cord of St. Francis which Dante wore about his waist; and presently the monster Geryon, or Fraud, flew up and alighted by the cataract; he was a gigantic, winged reptile, with the face of a just man, very mild. Virgil persuaded this half-beast to carry them down to the Eighth Circle. They mounted between his wings, and Geryon pushed back from the edge of the precipice like a ship leaving harbor; then, turning about, wheeled downward in many a broad circuit.

"Onward he goeth swimming slowly, slowly  
Wheels and descends; but I perceive it only  
By wind upon my face; and from below  
I heard already on the right the whirlpool  
Making a horrible crashing under us."

At last Dante saw fires dimly burning below him in the abyss, and he heard faintly the far-off lamentations of the damned; so that, all

trembling, close he crouched upon the monster's back. When they dismounted, Geryon shot away through the darkness like an arrow.

They were now in Malebolge, or Evil-Pits. This circle, the eighth of the Inferno, consists of a long slope traversed by ten concentric gulfs, which are hewn in rock hard as iron, and are bridged over by wide stone arches. The sixth bridge was broken by an earthquake when Our Lord descended into Limbo. The hidden meaning of the trenches is this: The violent who sin openly are placed on a broad plain above; but the fraudulent, who are here punished, are hidden in deep clefts; and the more crafty the deceit, the deeper the trench.

In the first chasm Dante saw from the bridge panderers and seducers, who were rushing on in opposite directions on either side of the fosse; and they were lashed terribly and forever by great, horned devils. In the second gully, deeper than the last, were flatterers and others, thrust down to their mouths in loathsome filth. From the third bridge Dante saw below him thousands of human feet projecting upward from the stones. The bodies were within holes, and the soles of the feet were on fire; wherefore—

"The flexile joints

Glanced with such violent motion as had snapt  
Asunder cords or twisted withes."

These unfortunates were simonists, who by sale or barter had degraded spiritual things and the priestly office for greed of gold. Dante went down into this ravine and stood by one of the holes.

"Dost thou stand there already,—

Dost thou stand there already, Boniface?"

cried the soul within. It was the spirit of Pope Nicholas III., who mistook Dante for the Pontiff Boniface VIII., who was then alive. At this place we come against one of the most widely reaching passages to be met with in the interpretation of Dante's works. A full explanation, putting the poet and the Popes in a true light, would lead to questions whose solution would necessitate an analysis of the political history of all Europe from the days of Charlemagne down to the time of Dante himself. The gird here at Boniface VIII., and the other attacks made upon him, especially in the Paradiso, must not, however, be interpreted as a proof of Dante's heterodoxy; but, on the other hand, I do not wish to maintain, in my love for the wonderful poet, that he was without fault. In the first place, even if we suppose that he had a right to put these two Popes in Malebolge, it would reflect no discredit on the Church her-

\* Act II., S. 2.

self, which has never said that her Popes are impeccable, no matter how often latter-day outside ignorance may assert the contrary.

The question, however, is not one of doctrine, but of history; and the true statement with regard to Pope Nicholas III., surnamed "Il Compinto" from his many accomplishments, is this: During the three short years of his pontificate, which occurred during Dante's boyhood, he compelled both the Emperor Rudolph and Charles of Anjou to abandon their claims to Rome; he did excellent work in reconciling Greek schismatics, and he was the special protector of the Franciscan Order. He was of the noble Roman house, the Orsini, and he was a man of remarkable beauty of person and demeanor. Ambitious views for the exaltation of his own family is the only reproach against him. This was perhaps Dante's reason for putting him in Malebolge; but Dr. Döllinger, in his "History of the Church," says he does so on "the unproved and improbable accusation of simony." Even Milman admits that Nicholas III. was a man of irreproachable morals and great ability.\* In his attack, however, Dante tells the spirit,—

"If reverence of the Keys restrained me not,  
Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet  
Severer speech might use."

His enmity toward Boniface VIII. cannot be justified even by Dante's ignorance of facts. Boniface was a Guelf, as most of the great mediæval Popes were; and the poet was a Ghibelline when he wrote the *Commedia*. He was not a Ghibelline in the narrow party-spirit of his contemporaries, but enough so to make him hate all opponents of the Emperor, among whom was Boniface; and Dante's hate, like every other emotion of his soul, was very deep. We should remember that the chief aim of Dante's life, the dream which had taken possession of his mighty imagination,—the dream for the consummation of which he would gladly have offered his life, even through the martyrdom of exile and heart-break,—was the restoration of that mediæval Roman Empire which had held Europe together for so many years almost as one nation. He could not see that the dream was past; and when Boniface opposed the men that Dante thought able to restore the Empire, he hated the Pontiff for this. We cannot go into Dante's theory concerning the Church and the Empire, for lack of space; but it may be easily proved that

here, in both fact and theory, he was wrong. His book "De Monarchia," in which this theory is especially developed, was put upon the Index by the Council of Trent,—not indeed as heretical, nor was the poet censured therefor; but because its erroneous statements make it a dangerous weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Church.

Boniface died in 1303. For the eight following years his enemies, the Roman Colonnas and the French kings, strove to blacken his character; but the Council of Vienne, in 1312, cleared him from every imputation. He was a stern, inflexible man, like the present Pope, Leo XIII.; but during his long pontificate he never put an enemy to death,—a wonderful thing in a ruler of those troublous days. He stood alone against the princes of the world; and the hero flinched not even when his venerable face was smitten by the steel gauntlet of Sciarra Colonna at Anagni, where the Pontiff was forced to ask for bread.

There may be some slight palliation of Dante's enmity in this, that his political prejudice made him give too ready credence to Ghibelline calumny; for the poet was too noble to deal with calumny from himself. It is well to remember that, notwithstanding Dante's hatred for Boniface VIII., he thus speaks, in the Purgatorio, of Sciarra Colonna's insults to that Pontiff:

"To hide with direr guilt  
Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce  
Enters Alagna! In His Vicar, Christ  
Himself a captive, and His mockery  
Acted again. Lo! to His holy lip  
The vinegar and gall once more applied,  
And He 'twixt living robbers doomed to bleed!  
Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty  
Such violence cannot fill the measure up."\*

After going up again to the bridge, the two poets went on to the arch over the fourth ravine of Malebolge. Dante saw below them long files of people, silent and weeping, and walking slowly; for their heads were twisted, so that they looked backward. These were the soothsayers, who strove to penetrate the future. Among them he saw the wizard Michael Scott, whom Sir Walter Scott describes in the second canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The fifth gulf, marvellously dark, was a lake of boiling pitch, wherein were plunged corrupt judges, and other officials who sold justice or public employment. The professional patriot was an ulcer on the body politic also in Dante's time; and Dante pushes him very low down

\* "Latin Christianity," B. xi, ch. 4.

\* Purgatorio, xx., 87.

into hell, as is just. Winged, black fiends, malignant and treacherous, were, in sheer malice, stabbing with long, grappling hooks the miserable creatures that came to the surface of the seething pitch. The entire scene in this gulf is made dreadfully realistic by Dante's superb imagination. One of the devils at length saw Dante, who was crouching in terror on the arch, and shouted to the others. They all sprang at him like hounds at a beggar, but Virgil kept them back. Ten demons followed the two poets as they went along, and Dante saw one of this escort catch with his hook a sinner who had risen to relieve his agony. The devil lifted him out by the hair; and Dante says the writhing soul looked, for the dripping pitch, like an otter. The other devils tore the wretch with their prongs, but by a trick he escaped from them; then, in rage, they turned upon Dante; but Virgil quickly seized him up in his arms and leaped down with him into the sixth ravine, whither they could not be followed.

In this place hypocrites are tormented. They drag themselves along forever, exhausted and fainting, in garments of lead all gilded. While Dante was talking here with a hypocrite who had been a Florentine, he saw near by the high-priest Caiaphas, who thought expediency the best thing during Our Lord's Passion. He was crucified upon the ground, and the hypocrites trampled upon him as they passed. In other places Annas and others of the Jewish council are fastened in like manner.

In the seventh division of Evil-Pits they came upon the Land of the Transformation of Robbers. The place was swarming with hideous serpents, among which ran the naked thieves, encircled and transfixed by the reptiles, and their hands were tied behind them with living snakes for cords; all were agonized with terror. Dante saw a great serpent leap up and drive its head through the neck of one of these wretches; and lo! the man instantly burst into flames, fell upon the earth a heap of ashes, was again brought together, again became a man, aghast with agony, and staring about him, sighing. This is one of the most terribly natural pictures of tragic astonishment ever painted. There is another transformation here which is simply appalling; and at the end Dante bursts out into a just boast, asking if Ovid or Lucan ever would have dreamed of such a metamorphosis.

In the eighth chasm evil counsellors were eaten up in floating balls of fire. Among others here Dante saw Guido da Montefeltro. Guido

had been a renowned general, who renounced the world and became a Franciscan. He was charged with having counselled Boniface VIII, to a breach of faith with the Colonnas at Palestrina; but the historians Muratori, Tommaseo, and others, have proved this charge to be unfounded.

The ninth trench held schismatics, sowers of discord, and leaders of rebellion. They were hewn to pieces by the swords of devils, only to grow together again, and to be mutilated forever every time they went around the circle. Among these is Mahomet. Here also was seen a lost soul stalking by in the darkness, and it held out its own severed head by the hair like a lantern. This was the poet Bertrand de Bornio, who incited King John of England to rebel against his father.

Finally, in the tenth ravine they met forgers, counterfeiters, liars, calumniators, and impostors, covered with dirt, and racked by most loathsome diseases. Then they passed on to the ninth and last circle of hell, where treachery is atoned for.

It was night when they came upon the plain of the giants, between Malebolge and the bottom of the infernal pit. As they went on in silence, Dante suddenly heard the thunderous blare of a mighty trumpet; and, looking through the dim air, he thought he saw a line of towers. "Those are not towers," said Virgil; "but the giants who warred against Jove, standing each up to his middle in the pit that goes around this circle." Here was Nimrod, to whom Dante ascribes the building of the Tower of Babel. The face of this giant is as long as the bronze pine cone of the Vatican—*i. e.*, eleven feet,—hence the giant is over seventy feet in height. As they passed another of these prisoners, Ephialtes, this monster shook the earth so terribly that Dante almost died for terror. The poets went forward; and one of the Titans, Antæus, who was free because he had not fought against Jove, took them in his hands and sat them down in the last gulf. Then the giant, "as a mast does in a ship, uprose."

They were now on the ice of the frozen lake Cocytus. The gloomy air was piercingly cold. As they went forward, Dante heard a voice at his feet cry: "Have a care how thou treadest!" Looking down, he saw that the ice was full of wretched souls fastened up to the chin therein, and before their faces were veils of frozen tears.

In the first division of the lake, called Cäina (the place of Cain), were traitors to kindred. Here, among others, he met two brothers who

had murdered each other, and they were so knit into one that "clasp never bound together wood with wood so stoutly."

In the second division, called Antenora (so named from the man who betrayed Troy), were traitors to their country. Walking forward, Dante struck his foot violently against the face of a wretch frozen there. Whether he did this by will or chance, he says, he knew not. The soul would not tell its name, even when Dante tore part of the hair from its head, but barked like a dog. It was Bocca degli Abati, whose treason caused the defeat of the Guelfs at the famous battle of Montaperti, in 1260.

Between Antenora and Ptolemæa (so called from Ptolemy, who murdered Judas Maccabeus and his sons) Dante beheld an awful spectacle. There were two souls locked up together in one hole in the ice, so that the head of the one was directly over the other's like a cowl; and the upper head was gnawing and crunching into the lower. The topmost spirit was Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, who betrayed the Castle of Pisa to the Florentines, and murdered the nephew of the Archbishop of Pisa. Ugolino was starved to death, together with his two little sons and two grandsons, in the Tower of Famine by the other spirit, who was Ruggieri himself, the Archbishop.

This is the outline of the story as told to Dante; but even Leigh Hunt acknowledges that Archbishop Ruggieri's part in the tragedy is exaggerated, if not entirely false. Such is the material for a passage which Goethe and Landor rank among the sublimest creations of poetry. Chaucer relates part of the story in "The Monk's Tale." Ugolino tells first of a dreadful dream he had in the Tower of Famine, then he continues thus:

"When I before the morrow was awake,  
Moaning amid their sleep I heard my sons  
Who with me were, and asking after bread....  
And I heard locking up the under door  
Of the horrible tower; whereat without a word  
I gazed into the faces of my sons.  
I wept not; I within so turned to stone.  
They wept: and darling little Anselm mine  
Said: 'Thou dost gaze so, father, what doth ail thee?'  
Still not a tear I shed, nor answer made  
All of that day, nor yet the night thereafter,  
Until another sun rose on the world.  
As now a little glimmer made its way  
Into the dolorous prison, and I saw  
Upon four faces my own very aspect,  
Both of my hands in agony I bit;  
And thinking that I did it from desire  
Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,  
And said they: 'Father, much less pain 'twill give us  
If thou do eat of us; thyself didst clothe us

With this poor flesh, and do thou strip it off.'  
I calmed me then, not to make them more sad.  
That day we all were silent, and the next.  
Ah! obdurate earth, wherefore didst thou not open?  
When we had come unto the fourth day, Gaddo  
Threw himself down outstretched before my feet,  
Saying, 'My Father, why dost thou not help me?'  
And there he died; and, as thou seest me,  
I saw the three fall, one by one, between  
The fifth day and the sixth; whence I betook me  
Already blind, to groping over each,  
And three days called them after they were dead;  
Then hunger did what sorrow could not do!"

Here Dante breaks out into an imprecation upon the city of Pisa; and he tells her, no matter what Ugolino did,

"Thou shouldst not on such a cross have put his sons."

The translation used for this passage is Longfellow's, which is here, as often elsewhere, superior to that of Cary. Those who think Longfellow's lines harsh, and not in keeping with the laws of English blank verse, do not scan them correctly. Our poet was not striving to write blank verse, but to catch the rhythm of Dante's *terze-rime*.

To Dante's amazement, he finds in Ptolemæa the souls of Fra Alberigo and Ser Branca Doria, whom he knew to be alive on earth. Alberigo assured the poet that he was deceived; for as soon as the crimes for which they were suffering had been committed their souls were hurled down to hell; and now, while they spoke in Ptolemæa, possessing demons animated their corpses, seeming men, upon earth. This, as Leigh Hunt says, "is the most tremendous lampoon in the whole circle of literature."

*Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni*—"Behold the banners of the King of Hell!" cried Virgil. Dante looked forward and saw through the darkness something which appeared like a wind-mill's sails whirling at night. They went on, Virgil before Dante. Suddenly Virgil turned and whispered: "Behold Satan!" Dante stood, half dead with fear, as he saw—

"The emperor of the kingdom dolorous  
From his mid-breast forth issued from the ice."

He tells us that he himself better compares in size with the giants they already had seen than do those giants with even one of Satan's arms. His head has three faces: the middle, vermilion in color; the right, a pale yellow; the other, black. Cocytus was frozen with the waving of his six bat-like wings, that were larger than the sails of any ship. Tears ran down from his six eyes, and in each of his mouths he crushed a sinner eternally, as substances are broken and ground by an engine. The middle sinner

was Judas Iscariot; the other two were Brutus and Cassius, traitors to Christ and to Dante's ideal ruler, the Roman Cæsar.

"Night is reascending," said Virgil, "and all has been seen. It is time to depart."

They went behind the arch-fiend, and climbed down his frozen sides through a cavern until they reached the centre of the earth. There they turned and ascended a long, gloomy vault, until at last above them they saw—

"Some of the beauteous things that heaven doth bear;  
Whence we came forth to rebehold the stars."

I have given a very meagre synopsis of one part of this *Commedia*, called "Divine" not by Dante himself, but by the wondering men who came after him. We have drifted over the surface of one of his three oceans, scarcely thinking of the strange shapes and the precious treasures below. *Onorate l'altissimo poeta*,—"All honor to the chiefest poet!" He touches something deeper within us than anything awakened even by the wrath of Achilles or the sorrows of Lear.

"O star of morning and of Liberty!  
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines  
Above the darkness of the Apennines,  
Forerunner of the day that is to be!  
The voices of the city and the sea,  
The voices of the mountains and the pines,  
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!"

"Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,  
Through all the nations; and a sound is heard,  
As of a mighty wind; and men devout,  
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,  
In their own language hear thy wonderous word  
And many are amazed and many doubt."

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#### Romance and Reality.

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WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

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It was during the summer of '91, while spending a short vacation with an old school-mate, that I took part in an adventure the incidents of which are still fresh in my memory. The enterprise was nothing more or less than the attempted capture of a band of counterfeiters who were suspected of infesting the hills on the southern shore of Lake Michigan.

No doubt remained as to their existence in the neighborhood; so my friend Ed Drummond asserted and firmly believed. And, to do him justice, he had given credence to no idle fancy of his imagination. He had been watching the manœuvres of a small schooner which paid

occasional visits to a certain little land-locked bay on the south shore of the lake; and he had come to the conclusion that these visits indicated a business of a questionable nature.

But the most potent incentive of all to our undertaking was the fact that a band of counterfeiters had once been run to earth in those very hills. Two of their number had been captured and sentenced to the penitentiary, but they could not be induced to reveal the secret of their retreat, and it had never been discovered.

Through some unknown agency the police had been informed of the midnight visits of a mysterious schooner to the little inlet which was known as Poke Blow. They had not received any intimation as to the nature of her trips, but they determined to ascertain her business at the first opportunity. Accordingly they placed a guard of five officers at the place indicated, and their efforts were well rewarded.

The officers left the city about dusk, and upon reaching their destination concealed themselves in some shrubbery above high-water mark. It was a long, weary wait for them. So tiresome, in truth, that two of the officers grew restless, fearing they had mistaken the place. And as there was still neither sight nor sound of the vessel these two asked leave to patrol the beach for half a mile on each side of Poke Blow. Their action, as subsequent events proved, was foolhardy in the extreme, and came near resulting disastrously to them.

Only a short time intervened between the departure of the officers and the arrival of the vessel. But so noiseless were the motions of her crew that her presence could not have been known by the two officers. Scarcely had she cast anchor when a boat containing four men was rowed silently, with muffled oars, to the edge of the water. Here some one in the boat gave a low, prolonged whistle which was answered from the hill, and immediately three fellows appeared, carrying a canvas sack which taxed their combined strength to bear.

Now, indeed, the three officers were in a quandary. What with the loss of two of their men, and the surprising number of their foes they were in rather desperate straits. But courage and a sense of duty prevailed, and without more ado they stepped from their place of concealment, and, slipping up on the seven, commanded them to throw up their hands and surrender.

This demand was answered by a fusilade of small arms, in which two of the officers were wounded, though not seriously, and the fire



being returned by the latter, the men in the boat rowed quickly to the schooner which at once weighed anchor and disappeared. Of the three counterfeiters who were left on shore one was wounded so badly that he died the next day, and the other two were captured by the officers. The most interesting feature of the undertaking was the securing of the mysterious burden the three men carried. It was found that the sack contained counterfeit silver dollars, all bearing the date 1881. Hardly were the coins exposed to view when the other two officers appeared, running and breathless. But they came too late to take part in the short and decisive battle. No trace of the schooner was ever discovered, and the interest in the affair soon died out. The cave of the counterfeiters, if one had existed, remained hidden to the world. All this occurred in '83, eight years before we made trial as amateur detectives.

Of course it was not our expectation to have a brush with the counterfeiters, should we chance to discover their retreat. The mere discovery of them was all that was requisite to secure the standing reward of two thousand dollars—the police would do the rest. So, taking Ed's breech-loader and a well-filled dinner basket, we set out one morning in the grey of the dawn. A heavy dew had fallen the night before, and in consequence our feet were soaking wet ere we had gone a hundred yards into the woods. But we soon reached Lake Michigan and turned westward along the shore.

After traversing the beach for two or three miles, we turned into the woods again, and then began the real search for the cave. Up hill, down hill, across creeks and through swampy marshes, till at last wearied and disgusted with the result of our efforts we stopped in the shade of a great pine to enjoy a smoke and recuperate our spent energies.

Our resting-place was just at the foot of a small hill which was covered with a tangled network of grape-vines, interspersed with a thick growth of underbrush. But I was not in a state to enjoy the beauties of surrounding nature, for my thoughts were continually reverting to the object of our search.

While I was debating with myself whether we should continue the search or give it up and return to the city, Ed drew my attention to a yellow-hammer which had perched on the branch of a pepperidge tree on the hill above us. She was in an excellent position for a shot, so picking up the breech loader, which lay beside us, I took a steady aim and fired. The

bird was evidently wounded, for she made a half-successful effort to fly, and at last dropped among the grape-vines.

As soon as the bird had fallen, Ed hastened up the hill after her, but when he came to the place where she disappeared there was no trace of her. He groped around among the bushes and vines for some time, and I was about to call to him to let the bird go, when back he came, running as though it were a matter of life and death with him.

"Frank," he whispered breathlessly, "I've found the cave!" I thought he was jesting at first; but he seemed so earnest about it that I followed him back up the hill, and sure enough there, in the side of the mound and concealed by the vines, was an excavation large enough for a man to enter. Putting my head into the entrance I thought I could distinguish the murmur of voices, and listening intently for a few minutes we came to the conclusion that the cave was tenanted. No time was to be lost, so Ed advised me to hasten back to Porter and inform the police, which advice I was not long in following.

Two thousand dollars! Here was an opportunity for a big hunt up through northern Michigan; or we might take a tour through the West. The South, sunny and hospitable, lay smiling at our feet; better still, Mexico with her grand old monuments and relics of a civilization that flourished during the reign of the Cæsars. Then there was the trip to Europe, to which we had both looked forward with eager expectancy, and now the opportunity had come at last. Thoughts like these running riot in my brain, I hurried back to Porter to inform the police of our startling discovery. They were not long in getting ready, and in a very short time we were well on our way back to the cave. We found Ed keeping guard in the same place I had left him. After a hurried consultation it was decided that Ed and I should keep guard outside, while the four officers entered to arrest the counterfeiters.

It seemed an age before they reappeared. Every moment I expected to hear the report of fire-arms; for I did not think the counterfeiters would surrender without a struggle. Suddenly the vines over the entrance were drawn aside, and the deputy marshal appeared. Immediately behind him, in single file, slouched three dirty, disreputable-looking tramps and following them came the other two officers.

"Now," said the chief official, addressing the pedestrians in sharp tones, "you fellows clear

out of here at once;" and with a sneaky leer on their begrimed faces they slunk from sight. While I was still staring on this scene in open-mouthed amazement, the chief beckoned to his fellow-officers, and without a word to us the three strode back to their carriage.

Ed, however, entered the cave and came back in a few minutes with a solution of the mystery. It seems that on the opposite side of the hill, the roof of the cave, which extended the width of the hill, was broken in by an immense pine-tree which had been blown down a few days previous. The tramps seeing the large opening in the side of the hill, and discovering the cave, made it their head-quarters. Whether or not it ever was the den of counterfeiters no one can tell; and so ended our wearisome search.

Last summer, while spending a few days with Ed, we visited the scene of our former adventures. The old cave was almost completely filled with sand which had drifted in, and only the tangled mass of grape-vines now mark the spot. But often as I sit before the fire enjoying an evening smoke, while the storm rages outside, and drives the rain against the windows, my mind wanders back to that romantic hunt of ours for the old cave in the sand hills.

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Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.

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D. U. MADDEN.

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It has often been remarked, and with much truth, that the novel is the official exponent of social, and indeed of all, life in our day. This being premised, we are not startled to learn that each social state, nay, almost each social function, has for its champion some particular novelist who excelled in representing it. Scott sets before us in vivid coloring, and with that sense of motion and of sprightliness which none knew so well as he, the life of the Scotch peasant on the Border. It is true that he also painted the knights-errant of the Middle Ages; but in this is his special glory, that with a versatility which is the despair of modern novelists he combined a minuteness which no writer in his peculiar field has ever surpassed. With Dickens we visit the more neglected portions of England's metropolis, and the miseries of the poor stand out before us in awful reality. Other writers, too, whom it would

be superfluous to enumerate, have their separate and distinct fields of labor. One of them only we will speak of, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, the novelist of the drawing-room and of polite society.

Bulwer, like Byron, was a distinguished dandy. Like him, too, he was liberal in politics; and while Byron in the hour of his enthusiasm for liberty brought his shattered vitality to assist the cause of Grecian independence, while Bulwer, with better judgment and a better result, leaped into a tub of cold water—if we may use a doubtful figure—and so quelled his ardor. The qualities which distinguished Lytton's life have left a deep impress, too, upon his published work. Brilliance and point are at once recognized as their leading characteristics. His diction is faulty because of an overflow of virtue; forceless, almost, from repletion of force. Each word is a point, each clause a gleam of beauty, and the close of each sentence a climax. He is as careful of his every touch as if on it alone depended the effect of the whole. His pages glitter with a minute phosphorescent splendor; not lurid with unvarying sober glow, nor presented in the light of one solitary, though resplendent, beauty.

Some writers peril their all on one long and difficult leap, and, it accomplished, stroll on with an air of leisure. With others, writing, if we may so speak, is a series of hops, steps and jumps; this at last produces a feeling of tedium, if it has no more serious effect. It vexes and fatigues the mind of the reader. It at once wearies, provokes and insults, and reveals a conscious fear of weakness on the part of the author. If in Bulwer's writings we weary less than in others, it is owing to the artistic skill with which he blends his inimitable vein of humor with sententious reflection or vivid narrative. All is point, but it perpetually varies from gay to grave, from vivacity to severity, comprehending in its scope raillery and reasoning, light dialogue and warm discussion, bursts of political feeling and raptures of poetic description; here a bit of biting sarcasm worthy of that "inspired monkey," Voltaire, and there a passage of melancholy grandeur which Rousseau might have written in his tears.

To sustain this perpetual play of varied excellence must needs require no inconsiderable amount of mental vigor and versatility; for at no time does Bulwer walk through his part, never prosed, is never tame, and rarely, indeed, sacrifices sound for sense, or mere flummery for force and fire. He generally writes his



best; in truth, our great quarrel with him is that he stands too erectly in his stirrups; he is too dictatorial in his bearing, too conscious of himself, of his exquisite management, of his complete equipment. Bulwer reminds us less of an Englishman Frenchified than of a Frenchman partially Anglicized. His earliest power and bent of mind, his polish, wit, sentiment and feeling, his talent and opinions, his taste and style are those of a modern Frenchman. But these, long surrounded by English influences, and trained to be candidates for English favor, were modified and altered in later years.

In all his works, however, you breathe a foreign air, and you find little in common with the habits, manners, or tastes of Albion, his native land. Not Zanoni alone, of his heroes, is separated from country by a chasm, or if held to it, bound to it by such slender ties as might with equal strength bind him to other climes. All his leading characters, despite their pretensions, or whatever their creator may assert of them, are in reality citizens of the world, and have no more veritable relation to the land from whence they spring than have the winds which linger not over its loveliest rural scenes, but, "with fleet and eager footsteps," pace over with indifference its most hallowed spots.

We instituted at the commencement of this paper a comparison between Byron and Bulwer. Byron's end was sufficiently tragic for the most sanguine, but for Bulwer the fates had no such destiny in store. He whose genius has travelled up the Rhine, like a blast of sweetest music, "stealing and giving odor;" who, in "Paul Clifford," has searched the most darksome bottoms for pathos and poetry; who, in "England and the English," has cast a hasty but comprehensive glance upon the tendencies of this wondrous age of ours; who has gone down, "a diver lean and strong," into the nethermost depths of nature, lifting, with fearless hand, the "veil that is woven with Night and with Terror," and in Zanoni has essayed to relume the mystic fires of the Rosicrucians, and to reveal the dread secrets of the spiritual world—a man of such genius the future will count among the few whose memory is held in veneration.

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#### Book Notes.

—A great and noteworthy change has been wrought, within the last ten years, in the methods of teaching English in use in American colleges. The era of the manual of litera-

ture has gone by—the children of the coming century will be vexed by no visions of blue-covered volumes of general information touching the lives and works of our poets, novelists and historians. The passing of the text-book was witnessed by no one with more genuine delight than those who are at the forefront in literary America to-day. The hand-book of literature and "the finishing school" were contemporary evils, now, happily, almost eliminated from the American system of education. Both were superficial; both posed as easy means of acquiring "culture," approximations to that royal road—which has never existed—to knowledge. Their aim was not to make the student think—far from it. His thinking was done for him; opinions were to be had ready-made, and he had only to commit them to memory. But the text-book of literature and the "finishing school" were shams—and shams are soon unmasked in America.

The new movement in education—it is really a revolution—has for its aim the development of the student's mind and his faculties rather than the acquirement of a certain amount of more or less useful information. He is taught to think for himself, and the time once spent in poring over text-books is used, now, in original research. The "laboratory method" has triumphed even in literature; and the student meets Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, Shakspeare and Tennyson face to face without the hindrance of an interpreter.

The publishers have vied with one another in putting forth from their presses, cheap, but handsome and carefully annotated, editions of the English classics. Messrs. Longman's Green and Company, of New York and London, have inaugurated a new series of these standard reprints to be known as "Longman's English Classics." Mr. George Rice Carpenter, of Columbia College, is the general editor, and in his notes to the initial volume of the series, Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," he shows rare judgment and keen insight into the workings of the youthful mind. His notes are clear and comprehensive, not too numerous and none of them unnecessary. Professor Carpenter has done his work well and "Longman's English Classics" deserve, and will surely attain, a wide sale. Mechanically, the books are nearly perfect; the broad margins and clear type and the rich but sober binding of brown-gray make each volume a delight to the book-lover's eye. Brander Matthews contributes an introduction to the "Tales" and the frontispiece is a good portrait of Irving. (Longmans, New York. Price, \$1.00.)

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—Poor John Bull! This has not been a summer full of joy for him. It was not enough that his beloved *Valkyrie* should fail disgracefully—for even British sportsmen can find no excuse for Dunraven's childish conduct in withdrawing from the third of the races—in her efforts to carry the *America's* Cup back to the land whence it came; there was yet another drop in his cup of bitterness. The University of Pennsylvania has been doing a little quiet work on the cricket field, but no one expected the wearers of "old Penn's" red and blue to win from the Oxford-Cambridge team last Monday. Cricket has always been looked upon as distinctively Anglo-Saxon; and Englishmen have never considered the possibility of a defeat at the hands of an American eleven. But Pennsylvania won, nevertheless, by just a century of runs, and the Union Jack went down before the Stars and Stripes. It was America's first international intercollegiate victory, and great is the rejoicing in college circles. What with our builders and sailors, our batsmen and bowlers, English supremacy in the world of sport is not so evident as our British cousins might wish it.

—As might have been expected, football suffered during the past week, a serious relapse. The warm weather may have had much to do with it—and, in truth, it has been *very* hot—but the candidates for the Varsity seem to forget that the football season is upon us, and that our Gold and Blue will surely go down in the dust if they are not in condition to uphold them. The team is not heavy—lighter, if anything, than last year's—and if games are to be won, it must be by snappy and dashing work from start to finish. Now quick work is the result of long hours of practice and careful attention to form, neither of which, we suspect, is much to the fancy of our canvas-backed heroes. How long is this condition of affairs to last? The captain of the team seems unable to get a dozen men together for practice on any but "rec" days, and football was never learned by intuition. Enthusiasm is woefully lacking in every quarter, and, if a change comes not with the equinox, it were better to cancel all games and begin hibernating at once.

—If the warrior maid of Domremy dreamed ever of the glory to be hers in after centuries, the dungeon and the scaffold at Rouen vexed her but little. Joan of Arc is, to-day, the heroine of all France, and English and American editors know hers as a name to conjure with. "The Association of Joan of Arc," in France, numbers thousands of members, whose one aim is to make their country Christian, to undo the work of the Revolution, and put God again above Reason. It is an exclusive, almost a secret, society; and rarely are Americans honored with membership. The latest of these is our own Father Fitte, who holds the Chair of Philosophy in the University. Father Fitte and Bishop Pagis, of Verdun, in Lorraine, who is the Association's Vice-President, were classmates in the "Etudes Carmes," and a warm friendship has always existed between the two. It is to the good offices of his old school-fellow that our Professor of Philosophy owes the honor. We rejoice with him; for it was a merited distinction, and we congratulate the society on its new associate.

—The *Valkyrie* goes back to England a beaten boat, while our own great *Defender*, the staunchest and truest of all the gallant Yankee line, is to be stripped of her racing gear and sent to a dry-dock for the winter. The *Amer-*

ica's Cup was never more surely ours; but everyone, English or American, cannot but regret that the two beautiful giants had only one trial of their strength, one opportunity to show the speed that is in them. Whatever effect the Cup races of '95 may have on international yachting, they have served to show that Englishmen have no monopoly on sportsmanship; in fact, hardly a decent amount of it. Lord Dunraven came to us as the representative of British yachtmen, and if he chose to sulk over his defeat, that is his affair—and the British public's. The Earl's talk about the impossibility of securing a clear course comes queerly from a man who has sailed over the tortuous English courses. And Mr. Iselin has offered to match *Defender* with *Valkyrie* for a race in any waters! The English boat is fairly out-classed; but the Earl of Dunraven might have taken his defeat, as he did once, like a sportsman and a gentleman.

—The *Lark*, which is the latest of those ultra-aesthetic publications of the stamp of the *Chap-Book*, *Clips*, and others, is, also, in our opinion, the most startling. This is, in a way, equivalent to saying that it is the most successful from the editor's point of view. The odd, the unusual, the grotesque seem to be their object, which they evidently have had some degree of success in attaining. It must be said, however, that very much of the matter contained in these diminutive periodicals is cleverly excellent and artistic. The Dutch symbolism seems to be their watchword; for the majority of the contributions are modelled after the "school," of which Marterlinck is now the chief exponent. Nothing inartistic is allowed to appear in their pages; but some of the work has an attractiveness that repels. Such is the "Diverting of Deighton" in the August *Lark*. It is a remarkable piece of English filled with whirling, picturesque, epigrammatic words and phrases, while the key-note of the whole is intensity. But its subject and treatment are of the sort that is apt to leave a bad taste in one's mouth—unwholesome, in fact. One might say of the *Lark*, and its kindred publications, that they are a new and delightful narcotic which the literary sensualist welcomes with eagerness, yet instinctively distrusts. The drawings and illustrations, however, are enough to break one's heart. In many cases the line between the beautiful and the ridiculous is not very clearly drawn, and when

the distinction does appear, the foolish side usually has the best of it. Aubrey Beardsley, Will H. Bradley and Company will have much to answer for. A fact interesting to note is that this phase of advanced literature is not confined to any one section of the country. New England, New York, Chicago and California are all represented, while San Francisco, true to its reputation as the Paris of America, sends forth the *Lark*, more advanced than any of its brethren. Herr Nordau's spirit would certainly writhe in agony were he to scan the columns of the *Lark*, and its drawings would inevitably develop in him symptoms of epilepsy. But then it has been whispered by daring persons that the learned doctor is a crank.

#### The Regatta on Founder's Day.

##### EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

In your issue of last week the wish was expressed that the Boat Club might revive the custom of holding an annual regatta on October 13. It is true that for many years boat-races were an interesting feature of that day's celebration; but when a football game was introduced on the programme it was found the races would have to be discontinued, many of the members of the Club being necessary to strengthen the eleven—of course, they could not think of training for both events. And, then, other members went in for track honors, so rowing was out of the question. I am not finding fault with the present arrangement; although a lover of aquatic sports, I should be very sorry to see football omitted from the programme on Founder's Day. I simply desire to set the Boat Club at rights with the public, and to assure our friends that it is not indifference to their wants that prompted the discontinuance of the annual regatta on the 13th.

The Club intends to hold a regatta before the close of navigation. The captains are chosen and the members are devoting all their spare time to practice. There was never a more promising season in the Club's history. With a commodore like Palmer, and captains like himself and Mullen, we expect to get into proper condition in a short time. Many of the oarsmen of last year have returned—Palmer, Hesse, Brennan, Bennett, Mullen, Crilly, Matthewson, Wensinger, Gilmartin and McPhee and others are daily on the lake. And Father Regan is devoting special attention to the Club's needs. The prosperity of the Club is assured, and we may look for good races this season.

A MEMBER.

### Something about Reading.

If it be true—and it can scarcely be disputed—that the profit we derive from any book is exactly commensurate with the industry we bring to bear upon it, and that, too, the ethical character of any book depends upon the soundness of our own moral vision, it is evident that the only true warrant of a right education is the cultivation of intelligent reading. There are men whose vicious inclinations prompt them to read solely for purposes of evil—moral evil; others seldom pick up a book if its author be not an odd, insuppressible joker; and comparatively few ever attain the acquirement of thorough, comprehensive study.

It is mere idleness to read precipitately, for a thoughtful book requires thoughtful reading; and, since thought is the motive of reading, a thoughtless book is a worthless book. The most pitiable ignoramus under the sun is the creature who has read much to no purpose; he is the pest of society; he lives on novels and, intellectually, dies young. His mind is a chaos of noble ladies, wicked lords and secret marriages, together with a confused heap of indistinguishable "revelations" at the close. He has read Dante because it would be bad "form" not to have done so, but he is perversely ignorant of anything Dante ever wrote; he has gulped down all the plays of Shakspeare, but quite forgets the principal character in "King Lear." Such a man is a savage, as contemptible as he is troublesome. Earnest study is absolutely necessary to beneficial reading. When a student—a real student—reads a novel, he does not read it for the story; he does not skip descriptions and moral conclusions; and, what is most commendable, he recognizes that the preface was written to be read.

Next to the individual who never understands what he reads, the most despicable is the benighted being who is always looking for something which excites mere laughter. There are men so lamentably lost to respectability as to read "Bill Nye" and others of the same stamp with unqualified delight. Now verbal inanities and incorrect spelling are not at all very humorous things, and ignorance, whether assumed or otherwise, is pitiable. Of course there is no puritanical law against good books, for that would be condemning poetry, and poetry is man's noblest teacher; but what is only ridiculous is also stupid, and stupidity is intolerable. Humor is fascinating, and wit

is delicious; but only a blasphemer would say that a punster holds any legitimate place in God's creation.

Corrupt art is no true art; and however perfect the technique of the work, if it be impure it is paltry. Milton is powerful because he is chaste; but tainted books are worthless. It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated, and since purity is the chief attribute of simplicity, immorality is evidence of stunted mental growth. A favorite maxim of Dr. Egan's was that a good book is a gift of God; and it is no less apparent that a bad book is a scourge of the devil. Nevertheless, it is the glory of our best English writers that they are seldom coarse, and it is the curse of English readers that French novels were ever translated. Nothing, indeed, is more absurd than to go to the French for novels; their fashions may be very good as conventionalities, but the representatives of their literature, as most Americans know them, are execrable.

Perhaps, too, the saddest evil of our day is the abuse of the newspapers. Love of the sensational is now so predominant that men will spend hours searching even the remotest columns for some bit of scandal. Now, newspapers were never meant to be read carefully, because all the news of the day—and it is gratifying to note this marked improvement in modern journalism—may be gathered from the few glaring headlines which at once arrest attention. The man who spends beautiful Sunday mornings gorging himself with the rubbish of newspapers is another example of the bad consequences of indiscriminate reading.

It is not disgraceful to have read little; the evil consists in having read much and remembered little. The results of critical analysis show the utter villainy of carelessness, and give evidence of the fact that beneficial reading is more a task than an amusement. Ill-ordered reading is pernicious; a person should not read Shakspeare and "Ouida" at one sitting. The family almanac should not be studiously perused while the Bible is left to be glanced over. Education will never assume its highest form of excellence till reading is a perfect accomplishment.

T. C.

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### "EACH MOMENT HOLY IS."

EACH moment holy is, for out from God  
Each moment flashes forth a human soul.  
Holy each moment is, for back to Him  
Some wandering soul each moment home returns.

—R. W. Gilder.

## Exchanges.

There is scarcely a college or a large school in our country that does not possess a magazine devoted to its interests, wherein the little world of its students—its spirit, its doings and its aim—is depicted to the admiring eyes of its members present and past. In no other country, perhaps, is this custom of having a periodical concerned solely with the interests of a scholastic institution so widely spread. It is one of the signs of the zeal of the American people in education, and of their advance in this respect at the head of the nations. The chief end the authorities have in view in starting and fostering college papers is to stimulate their young charges to acquire the faculty of expressing with, at least, some ease and elegance, the thoughts within them. The good this does can not be overprized; it goes a great way in removing one of the defects most keenly felt by a bright young fellow, his outward attempts at expressing himself. Many a flower that now blooms in the literary world would, perhaps, have allowed its latent beauty to lie buried in the desert of silence but for an opportunity first given in a college periodical. The custom too exists among our colleges of interchanging their literary weekly or monthly productions. A spirit of union is hereby begotten and a healthy rivalry to surpass in literary tone and material get-up; but by far the greatest result of this exchanging habit is the creation of the exchange editor. He is the grandest being on the Staff. Beside him the rest are nonentities. The whole field of literature, science, art and human nature lies under his mastery; he is the nearest approximation known to a walking encyclopædia. Withal he must be so modest and tactful; for this bumptious century will not bend in awe to the decision of our Johnson or Boileau, and the great man has often to lower his intellect and put down his pipe to engage in a petty ink scuffle with some irascible penman, with no other result than a temporary enlivening of the monotony of life among his chuckling, wicked readers.

\* \* \*

One of the best of the exchanges received, this month, is the *Georgetown College Journal*. It is a vacation number, but the slack session does not make it the less interesting. Mr. Douglas' essay on "College Athletics" is worthy of the prize it carried off. Thoughtful in matter, calm in manner and finished in form, the article

is a timely and honest attack on a spreading evil. Sketching the early struggle of athletics for a becoming recognition in our colleges and their success ultimately, the writer justly condemns the evil lengths to which they are being carried. He gladly allows that in our nurseries of youth and opening manhood an important attention be given to all facilities for reasonable bodily development, a means so necessary to the *mens sana in corpore sano*; but all right-minded men will support his condemnation of football, as it is sometimes played, with its open brutality and its money-making tendency. There are some charming verses, by Neal Powers, with the sweet flow of a melodious Irish song. The blighting *nil admirari* of the young man is not in Mr. Power. He has the sense to know that we are not all "shadows faint, flitting, free, false and fantastic;" that a friend "tried and found trustful and true can banish the grievings and doubtings that in our hearts hide."

## Personals.

—Samuel P. Terry (student '84) paid us a flying visit this week. Sam is one of the leading citizens of Rochester, Ind.

—Ivove Budeke (student '68), accompanied by his little daughter, was with us during the week. He is prominent among the physicians of Memphis, Tenn.

Frank Nester (student '88) visited his friends at the University last Tuesday. He was going East in company with his father-in-law, Captain Millin, of Detroit.

—Among the "young men of the hour," whom the *Lafayette* (Indiana) *Times* deems worthy of praise, is the Hon. John F. McHugh, B. A. ('72). Mr. McHugh is a lawyer of wide practice and distinguished reputation. He has acted at various times as presidential elector from his district, as city attorney of Lafayette and as state senator from Tippecanoe County. At Notre Dame he is remembered as a close student, and for the very qualities which the *Times* remarks in him. It says: "Personally, the Hon. John F. McHugh is a true type of a gentleman, genial, warm-hearted and easy of approach—he has never mistaken vanity for greatness."

—The following is clipped from the *Iowa State Gazette*, published at Sheldon, Iowa, July 19:

"The *Gazette* is pleased to say that Mr. Frank Jones, son of our honored citizen, Benjamin Jones, has been engaged by the Chautauqua Club to sing at their meetings during the remainder of the Assembly meetings. Mr. Jones has just returned from school at Notre Dame, Ind., and had gone to the lakes for an outing with his sister Nellie and other friends. He was called to favor the largest audience ever assembled at Spirit Lake last Saturday evening with one of his songs, and so well did he sing that the great mass of people recalled him several times, and were not willing that he should then stop. The members of the Harvard Quartette speak very highly of him, and say that his voice is among the sweetest they have ever listened to."

## Local Items.

—The track around the campus is being greatly improved.

—The new artesian well is expected to be finished by spring.

—Basket-ball is being played in the Brownson gym. quite frequently.

—New goals have been erected for the use of the Carroll third eleven.

—Lost—A football. Finder please return to Bro. Albeus, Carroll hall.

—The Carroll bicycle club took a pleasant spin on their wheels Thursday.

—Have you seen the strawberry patch? The fruit came out of season this year.

—Morrisson, our last year's football coach, is giving pointers on football to the eleven of Knox College.

—When the new barn is ready, then look out for washed buggies and groomed steeds and whole harness.

—Old Tennessee was surprised when his neighbor turned on the electric light without the aid of a match.

—The remark, "How I wish it was Xmas," is already heard in conversation. It suggests food for reflection.

—A hair shirt may be a torment, but it does not begin to compare with the sand-burrs that infest Carroll campus.

—Various improvements have been made on the Carroll campus under the supervision of the director of athletics.

—The small boy who entered Brownson hall was much taken aback when the Professor said: "Little boy, what's your name?"

—The return of "Scranton" is hailed with delight. The yell which made him so popular last year will, we hope, be soon revived.

—Rev. President Morrissey read the rules last Sunday evening to the students of Sorin Hall. He also spoke a few words of advice and encouragement.

—Negotiations are in progress to secure a game of football with the ex-Carrolls. The prospects for a victory by the Carrolls are by no means slight.

—The Staff will meet, until further notice, every Wednesday immediately after supper in the Law room. There should be a full attendance at the meetings.

—Bicyclists who infest the cement walks should give warning when turning the corner on the west side of the main building. No one is anxious for funerals.

—There is a young man in Carroll hall who advertises his native burg in a novel way. On the lapel of his coat is proudly displayed a metal sign labelled "Beans."

—There is a man in Sorin Hall who will have nothing to do with Mr. Heller. Perhaps you have seen him yourself,—a dark suspicion is his most conspicuous feature.

—Just beyond St. Mary's Lake grow in abundance beautiful tufts of golden-rod. The place is not much visited, but that's no argument against its attractiveness.

—Last Thursday the boat crews began practice for the fall races. There is much promising material in the club, and when this is developed we shall expect an interesting season.

—Challenges for football games have been received from Knox, Purdue, Rush Medical and Olivette. They will be acted upon as soon as the Executive Committee is elected.

—Some of the Brownson hall new students who have never shaved themselves are obliged to begin. Strange faces may be noticeable hereafter in the Infirmary, if not in Paradise.

—In view of the many disputes that occurred on the Carroll campus on the 15th inst., it would be a wise move to appoint permanent umpires and referees who may settle all such differences in the future.

—A very interesting practise game of football was played on Carroll campus prior to selecting the Carroll Specials. When the dust cleared away the score stood 6 to 4 in favor of Cornell's eleven.

—Galen, of the Law school, returned last Thursday. He is just recovering from a broken collar-bone. He got underneath a horse and the brute was heavy. This is a common accident in his country, he says.

—During the practice of the football men, the baseballists should leave them a free field. Courtesy should dictate this. It is not the most pleasant thing in the world to have a hard ball whizzing past one's ears.

—The Director of the Lemonnier Library returns thanks to Mr. Clem Studebaker of South Bend for two volumes of "Hand Book of the American Republics," and to Col. Hoynes for a copy of "A Dakota-English Dictionary."

—Notre Dame colors are Gold and Blue; her yell is:

N. D.—Hurrah! D. U.—Hurrah!  
The Gold—Hurrah! The Blue—Hurrah!  
Houp-a—ra-hoo—ra-hoo—ra-hoo!  
Notre Dame—'Rah-Hurrah—N. D. U!

—More than the fat ones are complaining of the weather. We have heard many who are strangers to fat—except at dinner—expressing the wish that old Sol should keep a little cooler, when the same wish might have been expressed with equal aptitude in reference to themselves.

—The Brownson hall students enjoyed an evening entertainment in boxing at their gym last week. Representatives from Tennessee, California, Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Mexico took active parts. They were not "to



a finish," but were interesting, scientific and laughable while they lasted.

—Even in practice the Band does good work. Judging from present indications, our music will be sweeter this year than ever before. It is to the credit of the members of the band that they attend rehearsals most regularly and, as their practice comes during recreation, they make sacrifices which are by no means small.

—The Reverend President, Father Morrissey, preached the opening sermon of the year last Sunday. It was an intellectual treat, full of spiritual feeling. Father Morrissey is at all times eloquent—he is regarded as one of the leading pulpit orators of the West—but last Sunday he seemed to outdo himself. His sermon made a deep impression on his hearers.

—A meeting of the Athletic association was called to order last Sunday afternoon by Colonel Hoynes for the purpose of electing a treasurer in the absence of Mr. McGinnis. Mr. T. Cavanagh was unanimously chosen. It was also deemed advisable to elect a temporary captain for the football team, and Mr. Casey was named by acclamation to fill the position.

—The main Library is open for reading and consultation daily from 8 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.; for circulation to Brownson and Sorin halls from 9.30 to 10 a. m. daily, to Carroll hall from 9.30 to 10.30 a. m. on Thursdays and Sundays. All the leading magazines and periodicals of Europe and America are found on the tables. The librarians are ready to give assistance and information to visitors.

—The last of the Seniors has arrived, and the "Round Table" is complete. Last Tuesday morning Knights George and Alfred rode inside the gates after conquering in many jousts and tournaments. King Arthur was glad to welcome them back, and gave them the place of honor at the board, where all the other knights rejoiced to hear of their adventures. All honor to Arthur and his "Round Table"!

—If what benefits the body is good for the soul, the students should take all the out-door exercise available. The large number of students enrolled at present is almost trying on those available exercises, and another game is under consideration for next week. It is expected that Brownson hall students are soon to try their hand at the game of lacrosse. This is considered as among the best all-around games.

—"Help! Help!" "Leave him to me! I'll do him!" "Hold on there," etc., etc., were the unearthly smothered cries which almost terrified the sleepers in Brownson hall dormitory Tuesday night about 2.30. At first the suddenly awakened students thought there was a desperate struggle going on close by. Presently the Prefect cried: "Wake him up!" One student struck another with a convenient shoe—the nightmare left, and all was peace again.

—The other day two Juniors with flushed faces followed the Prefect into dinner, which was then nearly over. The Brownsonites looked with sympathy upon the two, because they thought their "skive" was nipped in the bud. A dead silence prevailed while the Juniors took their seats. The fact is the two Juniors had been delayed working out their competitions in Latin, and now take this opportunity to set themselves right before their fellow-men.

—The University Stock Company met last Thursday evening for reorganization. Six of last year's members were present. Mr. Joseph Marmon tendered his resignation as Manager; Mr. John Mott succeeds him, with Mr. Francis Barton as his assistant. It is the intention of the Company to give at least four performances during the coming year. Those who have dramatic talent and wish to become members should apply to Father Moloney, the Director before next Tuesday.

—The band of ex-Carrolls, who have smoked and made themselves sick, tried to excite envy in the breasts of their former companions by blowing the smoke from their pipes into the Carroll athletic room. But they failed miserably. The weed they use is vile—the odor is comparable only to the smell of a junk-shop afire. Until they learn to choose better tobacco—and it will be many years before they are able to discriminate, they're very young yet—let them shun the society of men, and hie them to the woods. They'll grow there.

—In Sorin Hall there is a room, which is carpeted by cushions in all colors and designs, and principally noticeable for their softness. The walls, too, are covered with more of these articles, though for what purpose we are unable to discover. There are no chairs in the room, so that visitors, as well as host, are obliged to sit on the floor, which is by no means uncomfortable, or stand up, as they choose. It is whispered, also, that the floor serves as a bed at night, being much softer than the ordinary one, at least, so says mine host.

—The Sorin Hall reading-room has been reopened and offers all the advantages—and more, too—which were available last year. The list of magazines is much more comprehensive now than formerly. Magazines of art, literature, and science of all kinds, interspersed by an occasional periodical of a lighter nature, may be found on the tables. When one is tired of reading, he may turn his attention to billiards or take a hand at whist. Mr. Corbett, the director of the reading room, certainly deserves the highest praise for his efforts to make this the most attractive spot at Notre Dame.

—The Athletic Association met last Thursday for the election of officers for the fall season. The following were elected: Rev. Fathers Burns and Moloney, Directors; Bro. Hugh, Promoter; Col. Hoynes, President; F. E. Eyan-

son, Vice-President; Norwood Gibson, Treasurer; Horace Wilson, Recording Secretary; Joseph H. Marmon, Corresponding Secretary; Louis Oldshue, Field Reporter, and an executive committee of five members, composed of John Gallagher, Robert Brown, John Shannon and Frank McManus. Mr. D. P. Murphy and Mr. Albert Galen were "tied" for fifth place, and it was decided to postpone any further action in the matter until Sunday afternoon, when a vote will be taken to break the "tie."

—The prospects for a good football team are encouraging. Casey, of last year's eleven, has the men out for practice every day. Several new players will find places to fill the vacancies caused by the absence of the Varsity rushers of '94. Just how many of the old men will return is not known. Murphy, who played left end for St. Joseph's hall, and Mullen, who occupied the position of right tackle for the same team, will be with Varsity this year. Gallagher will, probably, be put at centre and Rosenthal at guard. Palmer, Hesse, Davila and F. Schulte may also find places. Of last year's Freshman team, Lantry, Ducey, H. Taylor, L. Healy and Stuhlfauth give promise. This is only a guess, the season is too young to speak definitively. Altogether there is good material, and all that is needed is careful coaching and steady practice.

—It is a question with the Third Cavalry Regiment whether they should give up their horses and take to bicycles. The Colonel, who is still absent on vacation, is said to be in favor of the bike and to have petitioned the Commander-in-chief, in part, as follows:—

"WHEREAS, in the present state of competition in the army, it seems indispensable for the purpose of more concerted action in advance and retreat to do away entirely with the heavy and cumbersome animals, commonly known as horses, heretofore used by the soldiers of this regiment; be it, therefore,

"ALLOWED, that swift-running and trustworthy bicycles be used instead of the horses aforementioned and described, and be it further

"ALLOWED, that the regiment, now called the 'Third Cavalry Regiment,' be known in the future as the 'Third Bicycle Regiment of Roman Wheelers.'"

—The Philopatrians met for reorganization last Wednesday evening, with last year's president in the chair. Ten of the old members were present. William P. Monahan was elected 1st Vice-President; George A. Krug, Treasurer; Edward J. Gainer, Recording Secretary, and Peter M. Kuntz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The evening was spent pleasantly in chatting over the prospects for the coming year. Three of the contestants for the '95 Carroll Hall election medal—P. Kuntz, Krug and Moran—gave recitations. The first named, who won the medal, has lost none of his power to please, while the others seem to have made decided improvement. The society is in excellent condition, and

gives promise of an interesting public entertainment when they will appear in Washington Hall. Any one in Carroll Hall who desires to become a member should apply to the Committee on Admission—Messrs. Monahan, Gainer and Stearns.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Bennett, Brennan, Burns, Barrett, Barry, Bryan, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Gankler, Gallagher, Lantry, McDonough, McManus, Miller, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Mulberger, McKee, Marmon, Mott, Ney, Palmer, Pritchard, Ragan, Reardon, Reilly, Rosenthal, Vignos, Weaver.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Britz, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, R. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Buckley, Brennan, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, Davila, Ducey, B. Daly, M. Daly, Delaney, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Finnerty, Forbing, Fera, Foulks, Flannigan, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Frazer, Goeke, Gibson, Geoghegan, Golden, Gilmartin, Haley, Hay, Hesse, Henry, Hayes, Hagerty, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hierholzer, Hennebry, Kegler, J. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, E. Kelly, Landa, H. A. Miller, R. Monahan, McCormack, B. Monahan, Medley,\* Mingey,\* Nevius, O'Brien, Oldshue, Phelps, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Niezer, Piquette, Pulskamp, Pim, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, G. Ryan, H. Roper, E. Roper, Rowan, San Roman, Smoger, Speake, Steiner, Smith, Schermerhorn, Stuhlfauth, Sammon, Straus, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Tabor, Ten Broeck, Thiele, Taylor, Tong, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuhey, Walsh, Wurzer, Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, Wensingner, H. A. Miler, Murphy, Powell.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armigo, Abrahams, W. Berry, Brown, T. Berry, Beardslee, Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, Bump, Cornell, Cary, Curry, Crowds, Cottin, Coquillard, Curris, Devine, Druiding, Dugas, Darst, Dinnen, Erhart, Franey, Fennessy, Flynn, Gimbel, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Gurza, Herman, Hawkins, Herron, Healy, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Kleine, Kay, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Landers, Leach, Lichtenwalter, Langley, Lowery, Landt, Leonard, Murray, Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Moorhead, Monahan, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McElroy, McNamara, McKinney, G. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, O'Malley, O'Brien, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, E. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Keinhard, Shiels, Shipp, Smith, Summers, Schoenbein, Scott, Stare, Shillington, Sheekey, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Thames, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Watterson, Walsh, Weinberg, Ward, Wilson, Wells, Welker.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Bergeron, Breslin, C. Bode, F. Bode, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Clarke, Cressy, Coquillard, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, A. Flynn, Fitter, M. Flynn, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Lovell, Morehouse, McIntyre, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Marshal, Maher, Manion, O'Loughlin, Polk, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Paul, Plunkett, Phillips, Quinlan, C. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Swan, Sexton, Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Welsh, Weidener, Weidener, Waite.

\* Omitted last week by mistake.